

Under Wooden Milk, Just off the M5

It is autumn, moonlit night in the small town, neon flickered
and cellophane translucent, the tarmac mumbling incoherently and the buildings, fag packet
slumping spotty down to the
dullgrey, dull, grey, pigeon grey, effluent gyrating sea.

The houses are as unknowing as mayflies (though mayflies know their instincts around
about fluttering, fetid inland freshwater pools) or unknowing as the security guard there in the
centreless space by the carpark and the broken traffic light, the derelict High Street waiting,
the Food Bank in vicar's vestments.

And all the normal people of the intimidated town are
hibernating now.

The boy and the girl are walking back from the rubbish band at the rubbish gig.

They have nothing.

They are nothing.

They are going nowhere.

The university sleeps the sleep of reasonable forks be with you and yours, yourself and eye
and eye and bye and bye and in the end we send to a friend the terminal synthesis which
you rang with the gang to hang in the porch in the lurch in the church the imitation of of
intimation of sepulchral replica of a historical metaphorical mystical twisted all stoic who
angel changel angle hangles on the Hecate Hexan Heaven and Heck of the Christopher
crossroads of the roaming Roman state.

The Peregrine Falcons, the Seagulls, The Crows, The Foxes, The Rabbits, The Hedgehogs,
The Owls, The Squirrels, The Pigeons, The People, The Dogs, The Cats, The Nightingales,
The Two Legs, The Four legs, The Winged, The Clouds, The Moon, The Ghosts, The
Dreams, The Nightmares, The Hopes, The Fears, The Spirits, The Souls, The Land, The
Sea, The Sky, The River, The Canal, The Estuary, The Smells, The Sights, The Sounds, The
Architecture, The Rubbish, The Bins, The Cars, The Lorries, The Mud, The Rain, The Trees,
The Memories, Dylan Thomas, Samuel Beckett, Brian Aldiss, The Light, The Dark, The
Shadow, The Ego, The love, The Fear, The Kindness, The Psyche, The Eros, The
Aphrodite, The Hephaestus, The Ares, Puddles and Poodles and Plane drops Thutmoses,
The Autumn, The Winter, The Spring, The Beltane, The Bonfire, The Choir, The Liar, The
Hypocrite, The Swine, The Bastard, The Pig, The Bitch, The Cow, You have destroyed
Croydon and all we have left is bloody Paris!

The right light is night's own bite.